

MAY 1961

Maryknoll



Uganda's First Woman Doctor—p. 54



NEW HOPE. An Indian wife, suffering from tuberculosis, gets new hope for life through the development of powerful anti-TB drugs.

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Maryknoll

MAGAZINE

● the doctor wears skirts

A young lady from the African bush fulfills her childhood dreams by becoming the first woman doctor of Uganda. Her story, page 54.

● ear on red china

Exclusive excerpts from letters written by Chinese priests behind the bamboo curtain, page 28.

● home sweet home

Photos and text, page 2, usher in a new mission approach in Kyoto. Man behind the idea: Father Leo J. Steinbach, M.M., whom some regard as Japan's Vincent de Paul.

● strength, beauty, mystery

A young missionary with a sense of the poetic captures the magic of the Pacific Ocean. Page 8.

...and in between

What does it mean to live and work for Christ in the isolation of the Bolivian jungle? "A Week From Nowhere," beginning page 46, will tell you the secret! Then, for a change of pace and place, don't miss a one-page vignette of Shinyanga town, East Africa, page 38. In mountainous, central Taiwan, meet the man who was once a fighter pilot in the Pacific during World War II, and is now pastor of "Peace Village." Color story, page 14 to page 19.

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.**

"...to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."

Maryknoll the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York**

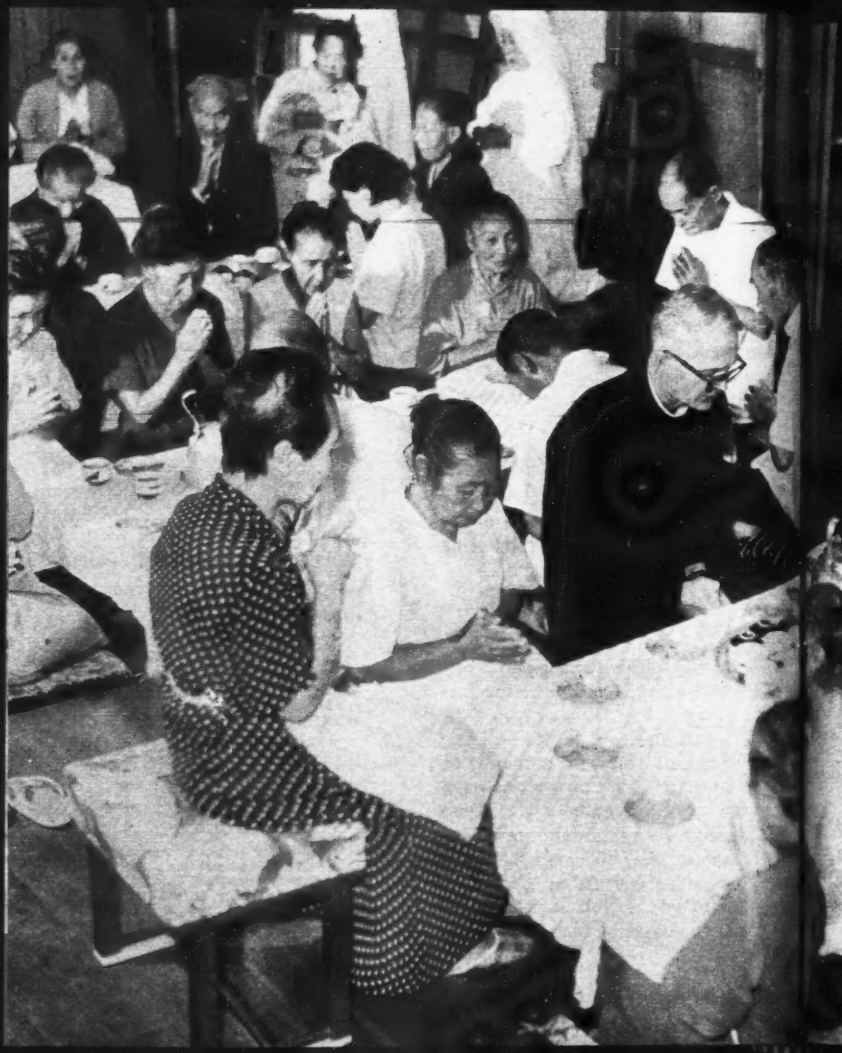


MARYKNOLL is published monthly by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., Maryknoll, New York. Subscription: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years. Second class postage is paid at Maryknoll, N. Y. The title, MARYKNOLL, was registered with the United States Patent Office, June 3, 1958.

Vol. LV No. 5

May, 1961

SOMETHING FORTV



RTWILIGHT



In a home that looks upon old age as more of a blessing than a calamity, people feel both needed and wanted.

Text: Robert R. Zahn, M.M.

Photos: Anthony J. Karlovecius, M.M.

WHILE actively engaged in parish work many years ago as pastor of the parish at Sanjo, in Kyoto, Monsignor Paul Furuya saw the need of a Catholic home for the aged. He and his assistant, Maryknoll's Father Leo J. Steinbach, frequently carried the Blessed Sacrament to the sick of their parish. Among those to whom they ministered were elderly people in various institutions for the aged throughout the city.

Private or public, those institutions were invariably headed by Buddhists. How incongruous the situation in which a basically Christian, charitable work, such as caring for the aged, was being carried out exclusively by non-Christians! The Catholic Church had not one single, officially operated work of charity in the Kyoto area.

As the years passed, Father Steinbach pioneered in many parts of the prefecture of Kyoto, opening mission stations in places that now boast of modest churches in flourishing Christian groups. Wherever he worked, his efforts were directed towards helping

All pray with Father Leo Steinbach to begin the monthly birthday party.

the poor, the needy, and the aged. Matsuzaka parish, which he began in 1954, soon became known throughout the diocese as the "old people's parish."

Father Steinbach's idea was to bring about the conversion of whole families by beginning, not with young people, who have no influence in homes, but with old people, who usually have the most to say in family matters. That policy soon proved successful. Among Christians now making up Matsuzaka parish, a proportionately large number are from family groups entirely or mostly Catholic.

In his work, Father Steinbach frequently had to contend with the same situation that Monsignor Furuya and he had deplored at the Sanjo church in Kyoto. Catholics had no place to care properly for their old people, who were scattered here and there in Buddhist institutions and denied the consolation of Mass and the sacraments.

As he always did, Father Steinbach worked hand-in-hand with the city officials in Matsuzaka. In his many talks with them, the need for a Catholic home for the aged was discussed. They were all in favor of it, and even offered him city-owned land at a reasonable price.

Father Steinbach discussed the project with an old friend who had been placed in charge of Kyoto Diocese, Bishop Paul Furuya; and also with the Maryknoll regional superior for Japan, the Very Reverend William F. Pheur. With their support, the dream of a Catholic home for the aged began to take concrete form.

Arrangements were made with the Sisters of St. Joseph, to staff and operate the institution. Final permission to open the home was received from the

Welfare Ministry. A building was constructed, and Bishop Furuya blessed it a year and a half ago.

The Matsuzaka Catholic Home for the Aged, under the patronage of Saint Joseph, is located a brief ten minutes' stroll from the Catholic church. It is a stuccoed, frame building erected in Japanese style around a quadrangle, which is landscaped to provide a beautiful garden—a "must" in Japan.

The home is large enough to accommodate sixty aged residents. Sleeping rooms have straw-mat floors and can hold five persons each. Four smaller rooms are used for couples. The home has a chapel, where Mass is celebrated each morning, and where the old people may make visits to the Blessed Sacrament throughout the day.

The large dining room serves also as a recreation room, and as a hall for teaching Christian doctrine once a week. Special rooms are set aside near the dispensary, for the care of residents who, from time to time, require special medical attention. Sample medicines, supplied by benefactors, are administered by the pharmacist-nurse, Sister Superior.

Aged residents entertain their visitors in either of the two sitting rooms near the entrance to the home. A business office, supervised by a Japanese Sister, unravels the maze of red tape connected with operation of an institution of this sort in Japan.

The aged residents who call this building "home" are certainly not all poured from one mold. They are as different from each other in character and background as any such group could be, having only the common denominator of experience that goes with old age as a matter of course.

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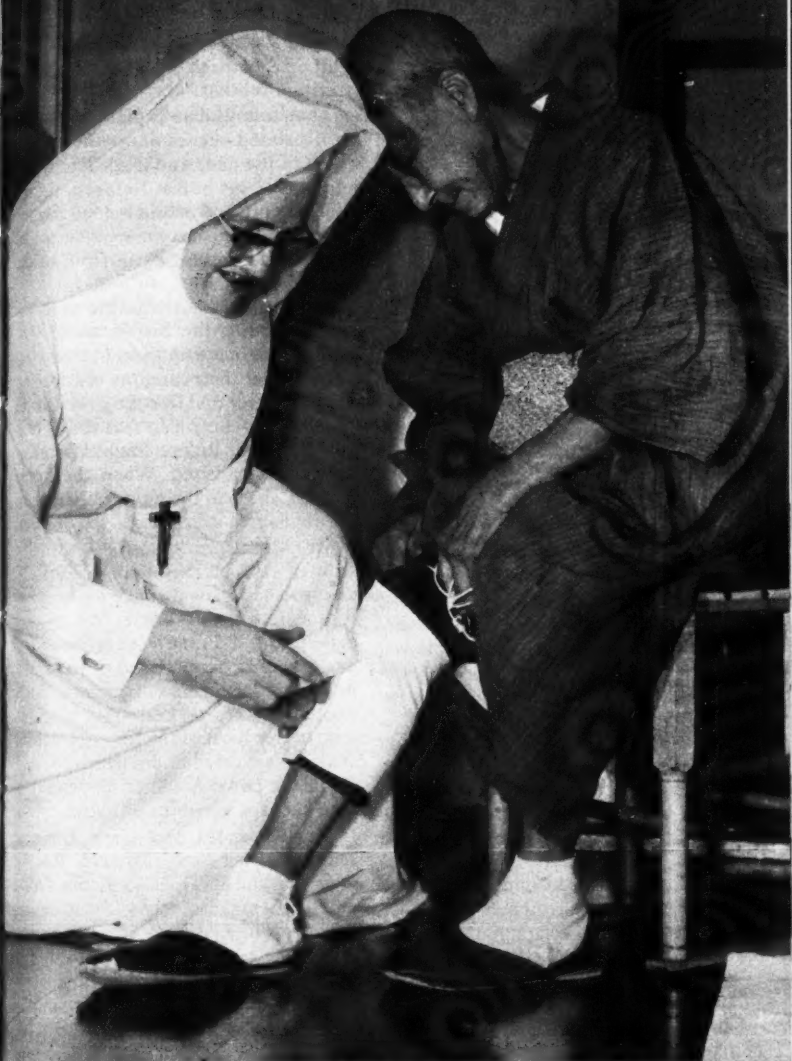
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Sister Superior is a nurse and pharmacist. Her patient is 87 years old. Residents who are blind or infirm require nursing care almost constantly.



Christian love is a potent medicine.

Mrs. Kohama was our first resident. In fact, she was "in residence" long before the home for the aged was built. Father Steinbach, on one of his visits to a fishing village near Matsuzaka, discovered her, alone in a little hovel, unattended by anyone but a nine-year-old grandson who brought her some rice each day.

For twelve years that little, old lady had squatted on a straw mat in her one-room shack, unable to walk or to care for herself. When discovered, she had not had a bath during all those twelve years! Aided by the Sister Superior of the present home and by the catechist, Father Steinbach cleaned up the filth that had accumulated.

The villagers looked on in amazement. All said they had felt sorry for the old woman in her plight, but shrugged it off with typically cold, pagan indifference. It was too bad, they agreed, that the old woman didn't have any relatives to take care of her.

"But she does have relatives," said Father Steinbach. "I'm a relative—a spiritual brother."

Then followed an explanation of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of the one, true God. The words must have hit home. Before long the villagers pitched in and helped put the rubbish into trash containers, or tossed it on a bonfire blazing in front of the shack.

Although our home for the aged was not yet built, the Sisters took Mrs. Kohama to live with them in their convent. Under their care, the old woman grew stronger and, for the first time in many years, began to feel that life is worth living. Before long, Mrs. Kohama was baptized. When the home opened, she held the number-one place on the list for admission.

Mr. Murakami, who lives with his wife in one of the small rooms for couples, had been a snake catcher before entering our home. Amazingly agile for an old man with but one eye and one arm, he managed to roam the mountains near his village and catch enough snakes to keep him and his wife in rice most of the time. The dead snakes were dried and pulverized, and the snake powder sold as medicine—a sure cure for whatever ails you!

Mrs. Iwamoto had been a music teacher in her younger days. As she grew old, she became somewhat senile and forgot what she knew about music. Now in our Catholic Home for the Aged, she receives help from the Sisters and is gradually regaining some of her former musical ability.

Mr. Hori-e was making a suitable living for himself and his wife by shining shoes. He had his portable "shop" set up on the sidewalk in front of the

Matsuzaka depot for years. Then misfortune seemed to befall him from every side, all at once.

The police charged Mr. Hori-e with obstructing the sidewalk and made him discontinue his work. About the same time, the terrible Ise Bay typhoon destroyed his little frame house, which was literally blown away by the winds. The old couple found shelter in the village meeting hall, until our home was completed and they were admitted as residents.

Though short on material blessings, the Hori-es are blessed in other ways. One daughter, Theresa, is a postulant with the Sisters of St. Joseph, the same community that cares for them.

Mr. Yuki didn't have any house before he came to reside in the home for the aged. He lived under a bridge when the weather permitted, and slept in the train station when his paste-board lean-to became uninhabitable.

Once a year, Japan shows official respect for its aged with a national Old Folks' Day. Last year our Catholic Home for the Aged was honored to have the wife of the prefecture's Governor serve as the home's "Superior for a Day." She was surprised at the cheerfulness of the residents. She paid a tribute to our home by saying that it seemed "more like a place where old people have come to recreate than like an old folks' home." ■ ■

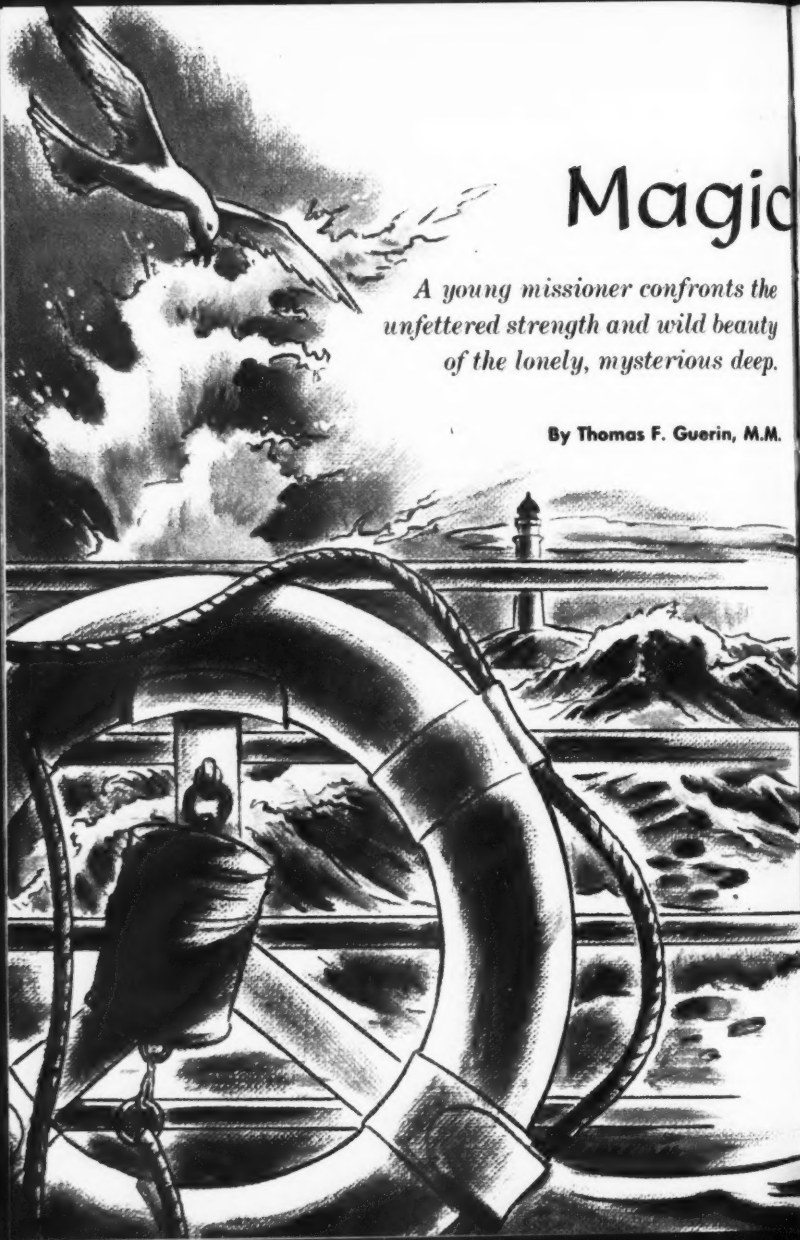
Quilt making, one type of occupational therapy, keeps fingers and minds busy.



Magical M

A young missionary confronts the unfettered strength and wild beauty of the lonely, mysterious deep.

By Thomas F. Guerin, M.M.



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Moods of the Sea

TODAY is our fourteenth day at sea. The Pacific is calm and blue, with small patches of fog graying the swells. There is nothing in sight foreign to the sea; no ship, other than our own; no land. A few sea birds follow in our wake, looping back and forth lazily.

We feel as though we are completely cut off—not only from land and other humans, but also from our past and future. The ship, an old freighter, plows relentlessly forward at a steady fourteen knots. But the horizon remains constant, revealing nothing.

Two weeks ago twelve passengers boarded the States Marine freighter, *Bayou State*, bound for the Far East—Yokohama and Seoul. Four of us will leave the ship in Japan; eight will continue on to Korea. Then we shall begin the work that has compelled us to sail halfway around the world.

San Francisco was clear the evening we left, clearer than it had been for a week. The bridges were chains of brilliant, orange diamonds stretching across the darkened sky—fastened, almost reluctantly, to the gaudier lights of the city. Red and green buoys opened up a narrow, dark path through the bay. Airplane beacons blinked good-by.

At ten o'clock the gangplank winch

hummed, drawing on board our last link with the shore. It would touch next in a land immeasurably different. Slowly a tugboat, with lines tied to the stern of our ship, inched us away from the pier and swung us out, into the bay. We twelve stood along the rail and waved to friends who had come to see us off. They were only a few, standing quietly in the yellow light on the pier.

Three of us decided it was an appropriate time to do something dramatic, so we started to sing "Auld Lang Syne." And as we sang, we began to realize that this was not mere playacting. It was real. We were on our way to give a priceless gift to unknown and unknowing people.

The goal for which we had striven was partly accomplished. We were missionaries: we had been sent. But as the chasm of black water lengthened between ship and pier, we realized that this departure was permanent. We were being irrevocably separated from family and friends. Maryknoll was, for us, our only family.

And the lights of San Francisco, lights of our native land, burned with a new, magnetic brightness. It was better—and easier—to look away, toward the dark horizon.

The twelve of us have become accus-

tomed to the peculiarities of ocean travel. We have conquered the miseries of seasickness. We have examined the ship from stem to stern and engine room to wheelhouse. We've put on our orange life jackets and gone through emergency drills. We've watched other ships glide silently by in the night.

Often we have stood at the bow and watched waves from the east break open and foam as the prow of our ship cut through them. And we have thought of the work that lies ahead, hoping that we, too, shall move as purposefully in doing our job as this ship does in bearing us toward our goal.

The sea has many moods, all of them magic. There is a time when she hides her secrets in a cotton curtain of fog and moves in whispers, as if in church. Then she breaks into a joyous ballet, as the sun gives life to the white caps that wink and smile at porpoises playing hide-and-seek among them. Flying fish flash right and left from the bow, and skip like flat stones before settling down beneath the deep again.

Then, the sea at night. When stars light up the vaulted sky, jellyfish somehow reflect the magnificent brilliance—their blue phosphorescence sparkling as they swish back and forth in the foam around the ship. Far out on the horizon, a small yellow light flickers—the only hint that another ship is sailing in its own enchanted world of calm.

We have come through a typhoon on our voyage—and we have discovered that such a storm truly displays the awesome power of the sea. The imagination is simply incapable of grasping the sheer power of waves that can smash over foredecks and toy with a vessel as if it were a cork on a little

boy's fishing line. In good weather, it seems appropriate to call this 12,000-ton freighter a "ship"; the word gives an impression of strength and solidity. But during a storm, the word "vessel" is more accurate—connoting a fragile plaything at the mercy of a giant. After the typhoon we were more humble, with the realization that the sea was only allowing us to pass and it could revoke our license anytime.

At Mass this morning, the candle flames fluttered continually as a steady salt breeze blew through the open porthole. My altar is laid out atop a desk in the cabin that three of us share. As I raised my eyes to offer the chalice, I could see the blue ocean stretching to the horizon, and the white tips of waves shimmering in the sun.

The chalice I offered to God could hold but a few drops of that mysterious sea. But what it does hold, is greater than all the oceans of the world.

And now our trip is almost ended. Fourteen days of moving along a straight line plotted upon the chart by our navigator. A thin line linking one world to another. A line ultimately drawn by God.

This ship is carrying cotton and automobiles, and one other thing—within the twelve of us—which is more valuable than the commercial price of the cargo. The gift of Faith we carry demands no monetary return. But we do expect an exchange—the immortal souls of the people of Japan and Korea.

Tonight will be our last night on board. Tomorrow we shall become foreigners, to be misunderstood by thousands of people. Until we shall become one with our people, we are merely travelers approaching the end of a journey filled with God's magic. ■■

By Henry J. Madigan, M.M.



CHAIN

REACTION

TWELVE years ago, Mr. Mao had never heard the story of the Good Samaritan. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho was unknown to him. That night, in Kwangsi, China, Mao Kap-chou stood on the brink of a ravine, in a state of semi-shock. His five companions, unconscious and seriously injured, lay about the smoldering ruins of a Jeep that had plunged over the mountainside a few minutes earlier.

During the next two or three hours several cars crept cautiously up the road. He stood in the road, waving for help. But as they approached the lone figure, drivers gunned their motors and sped on.

About three in the morning, when the groans of the injured had driven him almost to despair, a Jeep stopped. An American priest stepped out. He carried the injured to his Jeep and drove them to a hospital. After seeing that the injured received medical attention, Father Tennien returned to his Blue Cloud mission.

That story has been told to thou-

sands of Americans in the Maryknoll documentary film, "The Miracle of Blue Cloud County." Recently a Maryknoll priest, fresh from America where he had shown "The Miracle of Blue Cloud County" to thousands of Catholics in Chicago and St. Louis, was startled to hear a completely accurate resume of the story, in Chinese. Eventually he discovered that the narrator was the same Mr. Mao who had been rescued by Father Tennien.

Mr. Mao and his whole family had studied the doctrine and had been baptized. Today they live in Miaoli City, Formosa. A few days ago, Mao Kap-chou, with his family of eight, came to Rosary Church to attend the First Communion of his son and daughter. He retold his experience for the benefit of the new Catholics.

He ended his story with these words: "That night I thought I was close to death. When cars refused to stop, I was close to despair. And when the priest stopped, I thought he was sent by Heaven. Now I know he was." ■■

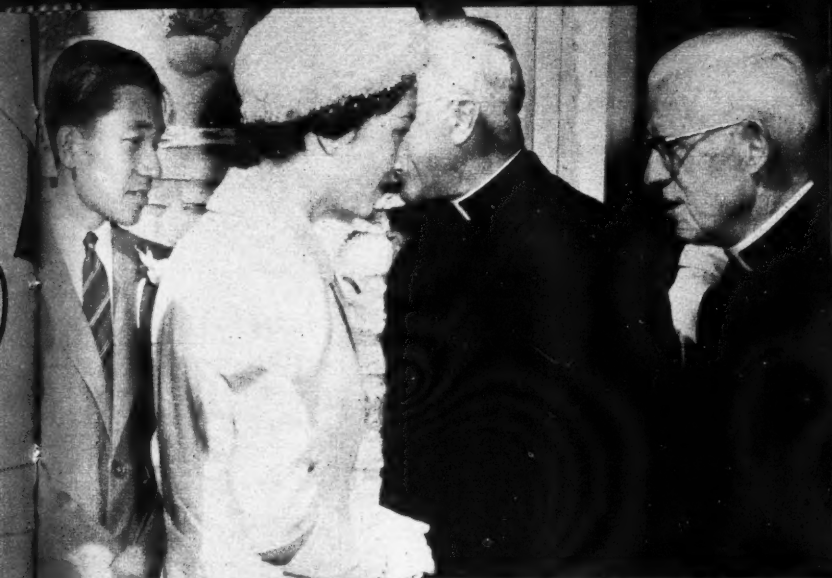
BIG DAY IN LITTLE TOKYO



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Royal welcome is extended Crown Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko by Father Francis Caffrey. Princess attended Catholic schools in Japan.

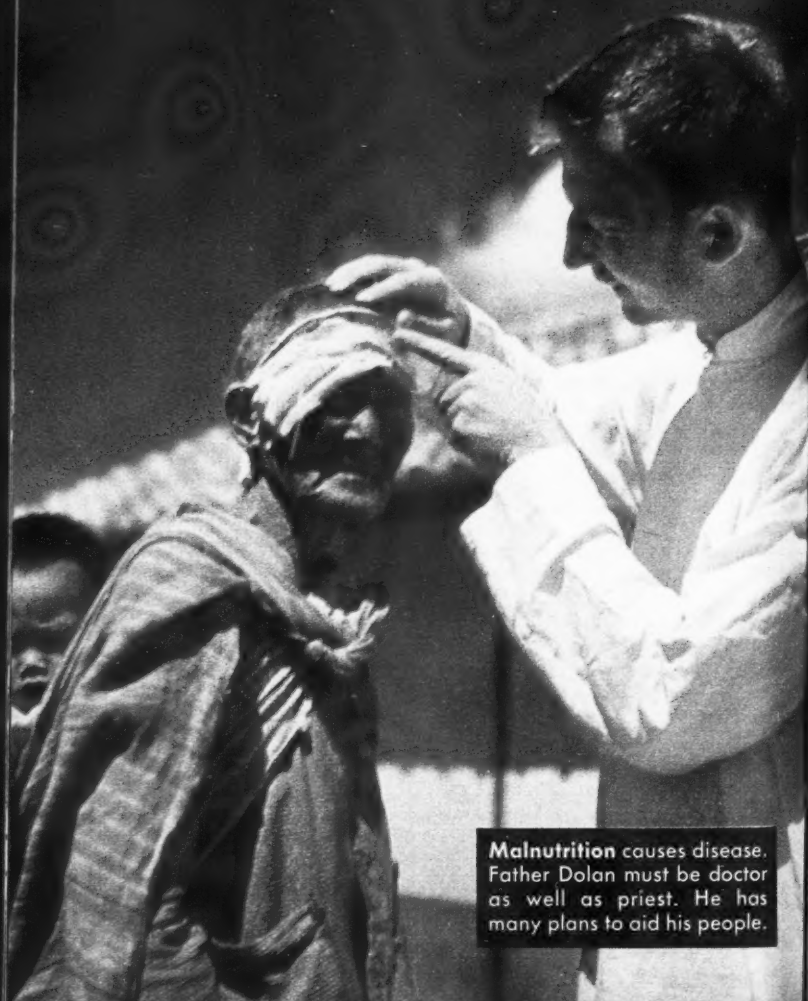
FOR the 50,000 Japanese-Americans in the greater Los Angeles area, the visit of Crown Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko, of Japan, was the event of the year. None in the welcoming audience were more excited than the 406 students of the Maryknoll Japanese School (the only all-Japanese school in the United States). An hour before the royal couple were scheduled to arrive, the youngsters laid claim to the best viewing point, directly across from the speakers' platform.

Two first-grade students (left), Lawrence Toyoshima and Jo Ann Kawasaki, presented the princess with a bouquet of roses, under the watchful eye of Sister Saint Michael. For her part, Princess Michiko thanked the pupils and Sisters for the prayers they

said and the letters they sent when her son was born, last year. The Princess asked them to continue to pray for him, because he will have many responsibilities after he grows up. ■■



Early arrivals had unhampered view.



Malnutrition causes disease. Father Dolan must be doctor as well as priest. He has many plans to aid his people.

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Peace Village — where a solitary American priest lives among aborigines.

Big Snow Valley Finds a Friend

DEEP WITHIN the mountains of central Formosa lies Big Snow Valley. Few non-Orientals have ever seen this land of turbulent rivers and precipitous mountains. But one American is known and loved the length of the valley by its Tayalar aboriginal inhabitants. He is Father Dan Dolan, a Maryknoller from California, graduate of the University of Illinois, and fighter pilot in the Pacific during World War II.

Working out of Peace Village where he lives in the homes of aborigines, Father Dolan has touched the lives of

all the Big Snow people. He supplies them with medical help, teaches farming, has built a tunnel for irrigation, and is now trying to persuade the government to put in rural electrification.

Each year Peace Village is cut off by floods which wash away bamboo bridges. Remembering his Navy days, Father Dan strung a cable across the river, attached a chair on a pulley, and with this modified breeches buoy keeps year-round contact with the outside. In three years, about a quarter of the Valley's people have become Catholics.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND BACKGROUND FROM DANIEL D. DOLAN, M.M.



The history of the Tayarals is told through dance and song. It is not too long since these mountain people were known as dreaded head-hunters.

First Christian wedding. Father Dolan did this one up in style to impress Big Snow Valley's pagan aborigines who have no wedding rite of their own.



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A Tayara girl



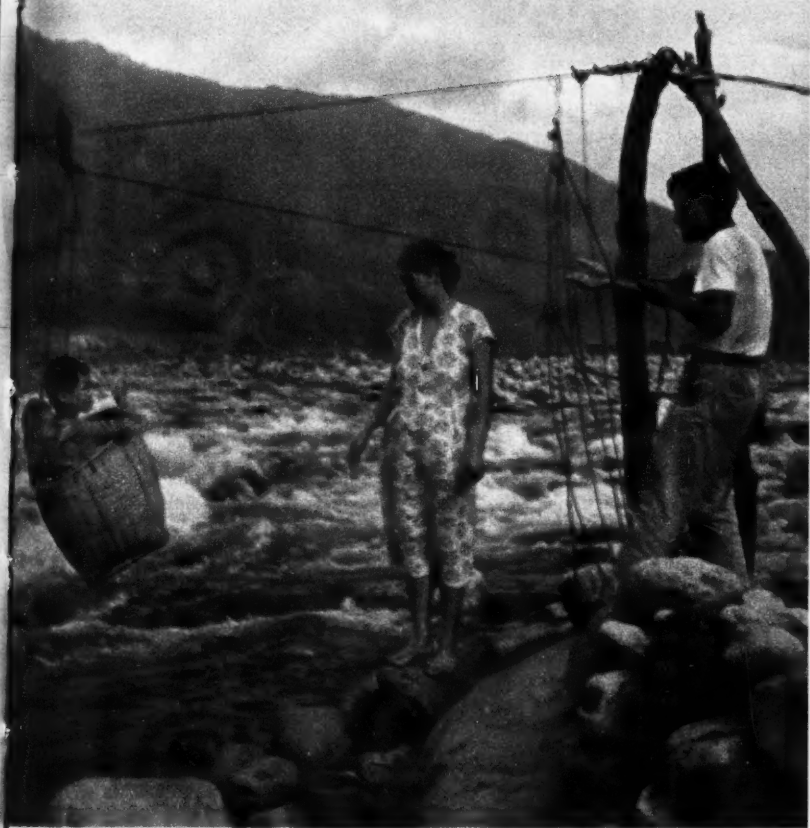
Small chapel built by Father Dolan at the head of Big Snow Valley. Father hopes to erect a permanent mission here. He works out of Orchid Flower Village, five hours away in the Taiwanese lowlands, almost another world.



Medical help is given the people. This woman suffers from influenza.



Clothes distributed as relief add an American touch to the Tayarals.



His Navy experience as a fighter pilot inspired Father Dolan to build this replacement for a bamboo bridge that heavy floods washed out every spring.

The girl on the bridge



What's the story behind the student riots that shook Tokyo?

SHE was tall, athletic in build, barefoot in *zori*, wearing a *yukata*, standing on the little, curved, Japanese bridge that leads to our temporary church in this suburb of Kyoto. From her cast of features, one could have concluded that she was a student, probably twenty years of age, and so of university grade. One could have called her handsome, had she not looked tired, forlorn, and bewildered.

I had just finished my evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament. It was still twilight and the visit of such a creature to our new mission at any hour, would have been unusual. We are still in the inchoate stage, not "belonging" and not rejected by the surrounding com-

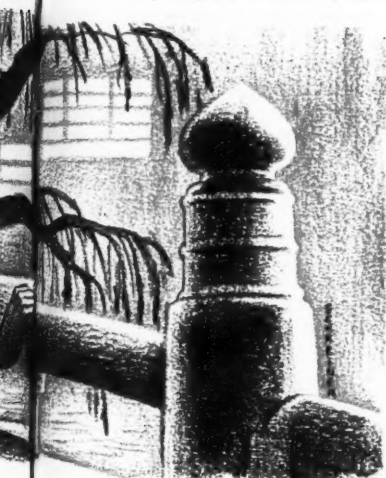
munity, which in this case is sparse because of the remaining rice paddies still in production.

I greeted her and she seemed to be relieved that it was done in Japanese. I asked as to her business. She replied, "I just need to talk to someone."

I said, "Why did you come here?" She said, "I am not sure, but I want to talk to you."

We sat in a little parlor. She was perspiring more freely than even our unusual, summery heat called for, so I got her a glass of chilled *mugi-cha*—a sort of malt brew something like Postum. She drank it gratefully and smiled faintly, somewhat reassured. I had for some time been coaching some

By Leopold H. Tibesar, M.M.



Here's one man's opinion.

30 university students in English conversation. I suspected what her trouble might be. So I asked directly, "You have been in the recent anti-Kishi demonstrations?" She nodded her head. "What do you want to discuss?" I followed up.

She said: "I do not know. I am so confused. I am afraid I cannot discuss anything with you. It all hurts, and I cannot think any more."

I had been watching the news for weeks. I had heard, unbelievably, the stupid rantings of Socialist members of Parliament. I had seen them waving their arms wildly, in the various riots in Osaka, Kyoto, Nagoya; and at the gates of the Diet building, the Prime

Minister's residence, on the downtown streets of Tokyo. I had read of the doings and mouthings of the labor unions in Fukuoka, the Zengakuren Students' Organization for all Japan.

Rhee was overthrown in Korea, Menderes in Turkey. Even San Francisco contributed its mead to riot news that caused us daily anguish when the newspaper appeared. I understood those affairs, but the Tokyo riots seemed to be something different. And the guest in my parlor could have been only one of many fine Japanese youngsters driven frantic by what they had been doing.

I asked her, "Why did you do it?"

"Everyone was doing it," she replied.

"Didn't your professors give you any advice or try to stop you?"

"No. They urged us on," she said.

Finally, learning that her hobby was tennis, I said: "If I were you, I think I'd go home and play tennis for a while. Guiding politicians, overthrowing governments, invalidating international treaties, and embarrassing the United Nations is strenuous work for students.

"When you are able to talk, go and see your priest at Ueno. He is a friend of mine and will help you. I would also suggest that you think seriously as to whether or not you wish to continue your education at a school that has led you to this plight."

I have not seen her since. She was swallowed up in the darkness that had set in while we were conversing.

The whole world has meantime echoed the refrain: "What's wrong with Japan? Is everyone crazy over there?" Many educated Japanese people in the neighborhood were as nonplused as the questioners from out-

side. Some even asked a foreigner like me what it was all about. The answer could be as complicated as the phenomenon. I'll try to make it simple and direct and brief—if that is possible.

Does the world know what it is fighting for? It is in a big war, the biggest we have ever seen. Its base is the heart of each individual, and its shibboleth is, "Do you believe in God, or do you not?" That is where the war will be won or lost, and missiles may be by-passed in the process. In another age, war would have been limited. It could have been met by a crusade. Men used to esteem a crusade. Men of faith today see the need for something like a crusade.

In the same light, they consider today's world as a spilling over onto this earth of the warriors from heaven and hell. The winners of that battle rallied to the cry, "Who is like to God?"

Most of us seem to be missing the point made by St. Pius X, who summed up his task in the words, "to reconstruct everything in Christ." That, perhaps, is the most complete condemnation of society ever uttered. Pius XI was less explicit in titling one of his encyclicals "Reconstruction of the Social Order." His meaning was the same.

The Japanese students who rioted do not understand that the Occident is fighting for the survival of Christian civilization. When one looks at the United Nations, perhaps one may be permitted to doubt whether or not its members are fighting for that exalted ideal.

Perhaps ashamed of halfhearted Christianity and divisions in it, Americans want to fight for the American way of life, overlooking the point that

whatever is worthwhile in American life is Christian. Democracy is a magic word—only ours happens to be Christian at its core, and that alone guarantees its validity. The Soviets use the same words we do, but look at how they end! The Free World everybody understands, it seems, to mean every man for himself—and God help anyone who tries to exercise any authority.

Japan is solidly in favor of democracy and freedom. Only we neglected to tell them to accept democracy in its Christian sense, in which alone it can work. We ourselves haven't completely discovered this. When the American Occupation decided to educate Japanese in democracy, officials made its prophet Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the Japanese people have been trying to figure that out ever since. Probably its authors are, too.

Japan is not anxious to save the world, or America, or the United Nations. Japan wants to save Japan—especially its students do—and in the process, Mr. Kishi and Mr. Eisenhower happened to fall by the wayside.

Democracy alone will not save Japan, in this world or the next. Nor will freedom alone. Christian democracy, of which Pius XII spoke eloquently and which Popes Leo XIII and St. Pius X advocated, will. It is high time that we study the difference and act accordingly.

But what about democracy and freedom in Japan, and our billions invested there? Has everything gone down the drain? A learned priest, Father Sauveur Candau, understood the Japanese psychology well. Before he died, he summed up the situation in Japan precisely. He said, "We are too late in our attempt to obtain

Japan's intelligent commitment to our Occidental cause. I still have confidence in Japanese intuition to enable it to say, 'No' at the right moment for us and itself."

There are Japanese leaders who may give us hope. They are doing the deep thinking so many of us are not doing. Salvation may be expected from that quarter—if we pray enough. Even politicians will have to swallow this. We cannot save ourselves. God alone will—if we pray.

I could see an out for us in Japan's conversion to Christianity. The Church has worked at this for over 400 years. And yet the Church is still at the impasse we find ourselves in. Japan reached an impasse herself when she discovered that Emperor Hirohito is not God.

Emperor Hirohito is now free! This may turn the tide—his own and that of his people—if we pray. The question is, "What will he do?" He has the prestige to lead.

What of our young lady on the bridge, bewildered and alone? She and many like her, over here, are good. They were misled by Socialist dema-

gogues, many of whom are ignoramuses, some of whom are mischief-makers, some even cat'spaws for Soviet Russia and China. Japan lacks sufficient Christian religious and historical background now to form a correct appraisal of what is going on in her and around her. Many professors are Marxist. Many labor-union men are, too. There is little outstanding leadership above partisan suspicion. Few Japanese have thought things through to the core, though many are doing serious thinking now.

I give much credit to Mr. Kishi for standing his ground under fire, and for not resorting to bloodshed to quell riots of major proportions. He resigned, and a strong man replaced him. Up to that point our young lady may be reassured.

Our world needs to be brought into sharp focus; our world must be viewed for what it is; and what we want we must fight for. Perhaps our generation would do well to reread Msgr. Robert Benson's two works—*Lord of the World* and *Dawn of All*. At present not only Japanese young ladies are standing on the bridge, forlorn and bewildered. ■ ■

Youth Shall Be Served

Eight-year-old Pedro Martinez, of Soloma, Guatemala, took the Padre's words to heart. After listening to Maryknoll's Father John M. Breen, M.M., of Fall River, Massachusetts, urge his class of third graders to become "young apostles," Pedro set off for a distant Indian village notorious for its indifference to the Faith. When the villagers ignored the youth's invitation to join him in the Rosary, he knelt in the plaza and prayed aloud—alone.

"Undaunted by the apathy of the people," says Father Breen, "the boy returned to the village each week, to pray in the plaza. He finally wore down the opposition. Today seventeen villagers are studying the catechism, preparing to return to the sacraments."



ONE OF M

Two sad brown eyes, two little brown feet, one pink nightie covering a swollen tummy: that was Teresita the first time I saw her, in our hospital in Riberalta, Bolivia.

Sister Genevieve Tresa had found her at school the day before, sitting apart from the frolicking first-graders.

"What's the matter, little one?" Sister asked.

Teresita looked up, and two salty tears rolled down her pale cheeks, but no word passed her anemic little lips. Teresita is six, but she never spoke. Hunger and illness were her playmates; they occupied all her thoughts and dreams. Talking takes energy, so she stopped.

We tell you about Teresita—not because she is unusual, but because she is just one of many here in jungle-

town, Bolivia. Even if the children could get all they want to eat, it would not do them very much good. The bloodstream is so watered down. Hookworms eat the red blood cells; malaria saps body strength. People in the States find it hard to believe that a hemoglobin count of 30% is quite common for these parts.

Our hospital is not large: only 18 beds, in fact. But it is the only place, in hundreds of thousands of square miles, where people can get good medical attention. We counted it up one day and found that our small but well-equipped hospital serves an area as big as New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined.

Of course, it is only a drop in the bucket, when one considers the help that is needed. But, thanks be to God,

By Sister Marian Elizabeth

MY LEAST

**Dr. Vivian to Pancho: "Say, 'Ah.'"
Few jungle boys ever see a doctor.**



that drop is in the bucket. Back in 1943 when we first came to Bolivia, there wasn't even a small hospital with scientific care.

In the eighteen years since then, it was encouraging to note the health improving in Riberalta. The ideas of sanitation, right eating, good clothing, and moral living are putting solid roots into the ground.

But it takes time. And meanwhile there was Teresita—too tired and too hungry, at six years, to care about anything. Teresita was the one we knew; there were hundreds just like her that we didn't know.

Teresita was brought to our hospital for treatment for profound anemia and parasites. That was when I saw her. She lay in her crib, caring for nothing. Affection brought no reaction, neither did the toys we placed by her.

Three weeks went by. Then suddenly there was a response. Teresita developed a ferocious appetite. She had two helpings of everything at mealtime. Soon she began to take an interest in the things about her. She strolled

around the hospital in her little pink nightie. But still she said not a word.

We began to have a small contest around the hospital to see who would get the first word from Teresita. Each one of us stopped by her crib when we could, and talked to her—in vain.

One afternoon—a Sunday—Sister Vivian, our Sister-doctor, was looking over her patients' charts when she became aware of a small presence at her elbow. There stood Teresita, with an empty plate in her hands and her brown eyes fixed on Sister.

"What would you like, Teresita?"

The tiny lips parted, and one timid, whispered word slipped out. "*Mas!*" she said, which means "More."

Sister Vivian carried her off to the kitchen to get *mas* for her. After that Teresita became a chatterbox. When she was ready to go home, we had a new dress ready for her. She went around the whole hospital, to show every patient how beautiful she looked.

I wish all the folks at home who provide the *mas* for Teresita could have seen her.





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Mr. Nyerere, flanked by Provincial Commissioner and wife, and Maryknoll Bishops Rudin and McGurkin, see elevation of African bishop in Tabora.

Tanganyika—Mirror for Africa

THE JET-LIKE SPEED with which Africa has emerged from the past is in no place more clearly demonstrated than in Tanganyika. A decade ago, Tanganyika was regarded as one of the most backward countries in Africa, and sorely in need of native leaders.

Recently a Catholic ceremony that took place in Tabora showed how far Tanganyika had progressed. The occasion was the consecration of Father Mark Mihayo, a native Tanganyikan,

as the first Archbishop of Tabora. Another Tanganyikan, Cardinal Rugambwa, Africa's only native cardinal, was consecrator.

Witnessing the ceremony was Tanganyika's Chief Minister, Julius Nyerere, a Catholic who had led his people to freedom. Mr. Nyerere's multiracial policies have been an example to all Africa, reflecting the highest aspirations of a continent no longer dark, but brilliant with hope. ■■

← Cardinal Rugambwa (left) and newly consecrated Archbishop Mihayo

GLIMPSE INTO PRISON



*Is Red China
a paradise? Ask
the people who
live there.*

THE SUBTLE WAR of oppression waged by the Chinese Reds against the Church still goes on. Information reaching Hong Kong tells of pressure being applied to people and priests alike. Most pathetic are the letters that reach the outside world from jailed Chinese priests. The imprisoned priests are occasionally allowed to write to a close relative. They are not permitted to give details of their lives; but one can read between the lines of the great suffering they are undergoing.

"The Government has been kind enough to give me tonic injections," writes a Chinese priest, now serving an indefinite term in a Reform-by-Labor Camp. "I have thus far received six boxes of glucose for injection which however do not seem to have improved my health. I was already having swollen feet and stomach, and I am now suffering more for having tuberculosis.

"I feel that there is little hope for my recovery although it might help to some extent if I could get some nutritious foods, like fish oil, beans or bran. I must be content with my present situation and admit of being guilty and receive brain-wash, in order with the help of the Government I would become a 'new person' and acquire a real future in participating in the construction of our mother country and making it a paradise."

We have before us a number of letters from another priest. He has been in Chinese prisons for almost a decade, moved from one to another. At present he is in another Reform-by-Labor Camp. His letters are most pathetic, asking for all sorts of things, such as food, ink, eyeglasses. One pair of eyeglasses was broken in the mail, and another set was returned to the sender.

MARYKNOLL

Food parcels have also been returned without being delivered. He writes that he has tuberculosis—a common ailment among the undernourished Red prisoners. Of course, he dare not say anything about his prison life.

He writes: "I have received your letters. As to the money you sent me, I have not received it yet. In case the money will not reach me, they will send it back to you, so don't worry. For the time being, I cannot write to my relatives in Malaya. Now I am in need of glasses. Please go to the doctor in Canton and get me a pair.

"As soon as you receive my letter try to send me some lard. Please ask my relatives in Malaya to send me some money, for the People's Government welcomes overseas people to send money to China. Since I am too weak and most unfortunately am infected with tuberculosis, I need some good and healthy food such as powdered milk. Please do not send anything from a foreign country, because it will not be welcomed by the People's Government. If possible send me the following articles: a pipe, tobacco, a big spoon.

"Tell my relatives in Malaya that I am working all right. As soon as I am allowed, I'll write to them. Tell them not to worry about me. Well, you are the only one I can rely on."

The above letters show that the lot of a prisoner in Red China is truly a miserable one. Bad food, little or no medical care, not even utensils for eating. Even when a relative does try to help, that aid is not always permitted. Of course, even the people who are not in prisons find Red China a far different place from the paradise Communists and so many visiting journal-

ists would have the people of the outside world believe. A Catholic Chinese woman sent this letter to a friend in Hong Kong:

"Life in Canton is very hard. Busses now pull one or two trailers, this, of course, slowing down service. A ride costs ten cents, which is very expensive. We now eat in communal dining rooms in our neighborhood, as do most of the people in Canton. One plate of rice, with a little vegetables, sometimes a little fish or meat, is given each person. We can eat it there or take it home.

"My husband is now making sixty dollars a month. My job pays me twelve dollars a month, plus monthly tickets for about twenty pounds of rice. Many stores in Canton are closed, and when they are open there is not much for sale, only for show. If one store should happen to have a supply of one commodity, people line up in lines to buy. When all is sold, no more, sorry.

"The Canton streets are crowded, but it is not like the old days. There is little conversation and no gaiety. We are all dressed alike, more or less. Our main pastime is to walk up and down the streets looking for something to buy. It is strange to have money and not be able to spend it.

"People who visit Canton can only eat in certain restaurants, provided they have a food ticket. Then they only get one dish and may have to wait an hour or more to get that. On arrival in Canton the visitor must fill out a form, stating his name, where he came from, his business, where he is going to stay, and how long. Then he is given a meal ticket for that length of time. We are told everything is getting better. I wish I could visit you."

Leg Puller

By Carl Puls, M.M.

THE OTHER day an Indian came walking into Father Thomas Depew's clinic; in Cuilco, Guatemala. He presented a chicken to Father.

He said, "Father, look how good I can walk now." And indeed he was able to walk as well as he ever had.

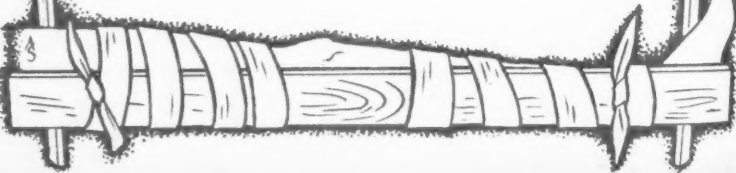
Two months earlier, that man had been carried to the rectory by other Indians. While cutting wood, a tree had fallen on his leg, breaking it below the knee, a simple fracture. Although in great pain, he had refused to be carried by litter to a hospital in Huehuetenango and even signed papers stating that he had refused.

Father Depew's catechist had then said, "But, Father, we have to do something."

Father agreed, so he put the man to sleep with a pill. Then a helper pulled on the broken leg. Father felt till the leg was twisted enough, then the broken bone fell into place. Father then had a board tied securely to the leg with gauze, and gave the cripple some penicillin shots.

The Indian was carried to his home and put to bed. There he stayed for over a month. After that he hobbled around on homemade crutches.

Before long Father removed the board, and the Indian walked hesitatingly with his crutches. He had plenty of time to be sorry that he hadn't heeded Father's advice and gone to the hospital. But time worked in the Indian's favor, and his offering of a chicken showed his gratitude to Father Depew for sticking to him when all others doubted that he would walk right again. ■ ■





The Plight of Father Depew

Problem: How to provide for the educational needs of the rapidly progressing children of Cuilco, Guatemala.

Solution: In 1957, Father Depew, of Pittsfield, Mass., erected a one-room school that must be expanded yearly.

Father Depew is the only priest serving this mountain village, and among the many problems facing him, that of educating lots of children is the most pressing. This thirty-one-year-old Maryknoller is teacher, lawyer, and friend to 10,000 people who seek him when they are troubled physically and spiritually.

YOU can be a "Father Depew" to many souls who are without spiritual and moral guidance because of the severe shortage of priests. Is God beckoning to you right now?

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

5-61

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(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

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The
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OUT of the African Transvaal, a cry cracks the night; and like an echo to that black voice, a yellow voice sobs in Asia. An Arab calls in the Sudan, and a Filipino on Bataan. The soft tones of a Peruvian fill the great chambers of the United Nations, while a radio in Scandinavia raps out a Nordic message. These are the voices of man, and the voices of Christ. That point in history at which there is no return, has been reached: the human family is conscious of itself.

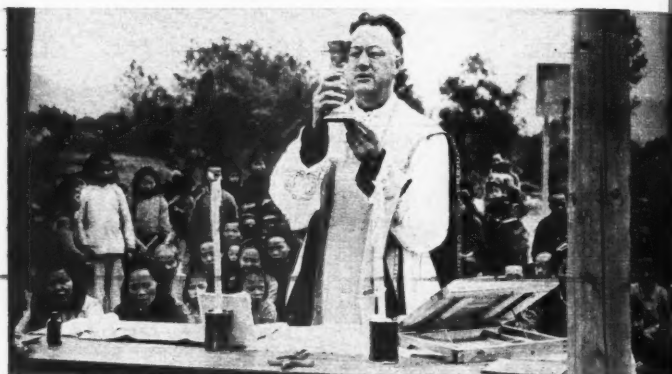
S O F C H R I S T

For Catholics, this is the historic moment to direct that consciousness inward to the one Christ living in Istanbul and Manila, Lima and Leopoldville, Tokyo and Atlanta. For wherever there is oppression, wherever people starve, wherever the minds of children are not fed by schools, wherever there is rampant and chronic disease, the Christ who spoke to Saul on the Damascus road speaks again to ask, "Why do you persecute Me?" The mission of Catholic America in the Sixties is precisely this: to realize that every human need is a need of Christ's. It is the Lord who works in each of his missionaries, whether priests or laymen, speaking with our lips, using our hands and feet and minds and hearts. He has anointed everything we have — our cooperatives, credit unions, clinics, technical-assistance programs, educational exchanges, information centers, foreign-student work, catechetical programs, social work. All these things are holy.

There shall be salvation for the nations, because the voices of Christ are calling out, and the voices of Christ respond.

—Laurence T. Murphy, M.M.

For Want of a Chapel...



Throughout the four continents, wherever Maryknoll seeks a foothold, this scene repeats itself many times. Maryknollers must celebrate Mass under a nearby tree or on the hood of a Jeep. In mission countries where the Church is not yet established, everything must be supplied for a chapel. Here are some of the "makings" that go into a new chapel anywhere in the world:

For Mass: Vestments, missal, altar linens and cards, hosts, wine, Communion plate, candles and more...

For Benediction: Vestments, monstrance, candles, thurible and incense, an organ and more...

For Various Devotions: Statues, Stations of the Cross, holy-water sprinkler, processional cross and more...

You can help beautify the house of God in some far-off land, by your donations to *Maryknoll's Chapel Fund*. Won't you help—NOW?

The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

5-61

Dear Fathers:

I wish to donate \$..... towards MARYKNOLL'S CHAPEL FUND and thereby help to spread the Faith.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Peace of Mind and Your WILL

UNLIKE our snoozing friend there, many of us cannot claim peace of mind where a *will* is concerned. It's so easy to put off this important duty, and many Catholics do just that!

Making a will is a matter of affection and consideration as well as law and property. After death your wishes *cannot* be honored unless your intentions are down on paper in the form of a legal *will*.

In a Catholic *will* one should remember:

- a) the family
- b) friends
- c) charities
- d) the parish
- e) diocesan institutions
- f) the world Church—the foreign missions

In every Catholic *will*, a bequest to the missions should be included. For the benefit of donors who wish to help Maryknoll spread the Faith, a **FREE** booklet is available upon request. Use the coupon below, please.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS / Maryknoll, New York

5-61

Dear Fathers:

Please send me your **FREE** will booklet, **WHAT ONLY YOU CAN DO. I understand that there is no obligation involved.**

MY NAME

MY ADDRESS

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

(Our legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.)

More on Foreign Students

By Albert J. Nevins, M.M.

ONE OF OUR missionaries in Africa sent us a list the other day of all the East African students who came to the United States during the past year to study in American institutions. The list showed where the young Africans were studying, who was sponsoring them, and the field each had chosen for specialization.

There were 285 names on the list. Only 46 students were self supporting. The others had come to the United States on either full or partial scholarships. Private individuals supplied 48 scholarships directly. Identifiable Protestant agencies or organizations gave 36, although not all were full scholarships. United States Governmental agencies were responsible for 27 scholarships, while African Governmental departments furnished five.

Catholic sources were represented with 23 scholarships. The Consolata Fathers sponsored ten Africans and have placed them in Catholic colleges across the country. Trinity College, Washington, D. C., and Mt. Angel College in Oregon each accepted two students on college-furnished scholarships. Assumption Preparatory, Worcester, Mass.; Our Lady of Mercy, Boston; St. Vincent's, Latrobe, Pa.; Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Ky.; St. Benedict, Atchison, Kans.; and St. Joseph, Philadelphia, each gave one scholarship.

In addition, the Archdiocese of Boston sponsored a student at Assumption Academy, and the Diocese of Nyeri, in Kenya, placed a student at Oakland's St. Mary's College, where three Consolata students were also studying. This latter college led the Catholic list with the number of Africans accepted. There was also a student placed at Cathedral High School, Los Angeles, under the sponsorship of International Students, Inc.—a group that this writer does not know.

One other bit of information culled from the list was that last year Philander Smith College in Little Rock, Arkansas, accepted more African students than any other institution. This small school gave 19 partial scholarships. Runner-up was Diablo Valley College, in Concord, California, which accepted seven students on scholarships provided by private individuals.

A study of the list prompts a few reflections. First, an increasing number of private individuals are sponsoring the education of foreign students. This is a very desirable thing because it is personalized. The foreign student knows that an individual American is interested in him. Also, usually the sponsoring party provides orientation, hospitality, and personal friendship.

Another reflection is that, except for the Archdiocese of Boston, no Ameri-

can diocese or parochial unit is represented, nor is any Catholic organization. It would seem that there is an opportunity here for apostolic action on the part of Catholic groups, particularly the large national ones.

While eight per cent of the students are in Catholic schools in the United States, this is not a particularly high figure. The percentage is almost cut in half if the ten students brought here by the Consolata Fathers are subtracted. The list does not reveal the religion of the students; but if we are to judge by Christian first names, more than three quarters of the number are Christian, and perhaps as many as half of this group are Catholics.

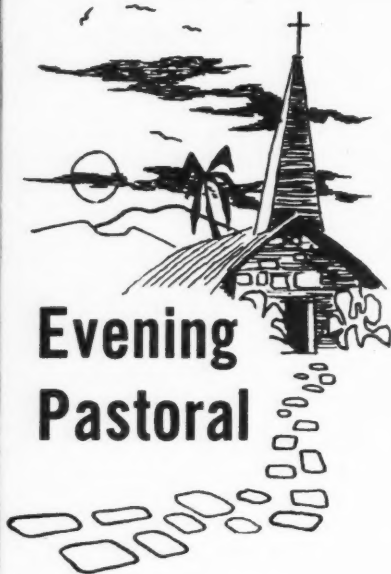
One disturbing note is the large number (77) who have come to the United States on partial scholarships. From experience, we know that partial scholarships create many problems. The students do not realize that board and lodging cost more than tuition; that there are many extras that must be paid for, such as books, laboratory fees, and so on. Moreover, a student needs some pocket money. Too many students are permitted to come to the United States believing that all expenses have been taken care of—only to find themselves in the most desperate financial situation.

Actually, the handling of the East African students on the list was something of a fiasco. A great many of the scholarships on the list were obtained by Tom Mboya, the young political leader of Kenya. The scholarships were not awarded as much on merit as on local political expediency. There was no competitive examination for them, but they were given to sons and daughters of chiefs and party workers.

The result is that many of the African students are educationally unqualified. Students who should have been in high school turned up at American colleges. Screening is an absolute necessity, not only for the protection of the American colleges but for the students themselves. This screening can only be done locally.

Contributing to the fiasco was the fact that the students were left to their own devices to get to the United States. A large number, stranded in Nairobi, were rescued when the family of President Kennedy paid the cost of airlifting them here. How they are to get home, no one seems to know. Such ineptness and lack of supervision harms the whole foreign-student movement.





Evening Pastoral

By Thomas F. Gibbons, M.M.

I STOOD one evening outside Shinyanga town here in East Africa. The sun was going down behind the hills beside the town chapel. There was a stillness in the summer air, a peculiar African stillness that comes when day is done—a calmness before darkness covers the land. Indian merchants take evening strolls. Some African youngsters are winding up a game of soccer. This is visiting time; every home has a cordial welcome for friend or stranger to join the family for a cool drink.

Standing there, I saw carefree, genuine, up-country Africa. Its unsophisticated people have a splendor and charm all their own. I noticed a herd of cows—each cow gingerly strolling home. Sheep and goats were between

the low-slung cows; the sheep and goats seemed to be playing tag. Three youngsters were leading the cows home. Dressed in dusty khaki shorts and tattered shirts, the boys had little sticks to keep the herd moving.

In the midst of cows, goats, and sheep, walked the children's father, fingering a mandolin, keeping stray animals close to the herd. Now and then he softly sang a song. He had a commanding position: his eyes roamed over the whole herd.

At the rear of the herd, to see that there were no stragglers, was the mother with three little tots. She was able to keep watch on all the animals and at the same time on her whole family. I had the feeling that this family, leading their animals home, had security and happiness.

Africa is also beautiful at dawn. The morning dew seems to wrap every thatched hut in cellophane. Each valley and hill sparkles in the horizontal rays of the early morning sun. Dawn clothes in wonder even the clumsy town where mud walls crowd up against other mud walls with unkempt roofs of grass or iron sheeting, where shops line the main street with shabby storefronts and awkward signs.

Rural Africa is a spread-out collection of scattered villages, far from the growing town. Africa is on the verge, if not of being industrialized, at least of becoming industry-conscious. Africans need the tools and the products of industry. My hope is that, in this transition period, Africa will not surrender their wonderful, peaceful, meaningful, rural ways. May these people learn how to live, how to work, and how to pray. ■■

COULD YOU HELP US?



The answer is Yes, when Sister is there. But only you can make sure she'll be there.

Maryknoll Sisters are eager to bring Christ's loving care to people all over the world. They need your support in order to be able to do so.

Maryknoll Sisters / Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$ to help train a Sister for world-wide mission work.

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As long as I can, I will send \$ a month.
I realize I may stop this whenever I wish.



Every year, Japanese groups protest the Communist celebration of May Day.

Church among the Miners

By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

*Spiritual problems abound
in the rugged coal country,
but they serve as challenges
to draw out the best in men.*

In the lowlands outside of Iwamizawa in Hokkaido, Japan, farmers with horse-drawn bobsleds were spreading fertilizer over the white snow on the ground. Silos and large fields showed the influence of the American, Horace Capron, who was sent to Japan by President Grant in 1872, to teach large-scale farming and land reclamation.

Up and up, into the mountains, the train wound and climbed, until I began to see the piles of slag that indicated coal mines. On the mountainsides along the track, the short needles on the spruce trees indicated that the growing season was brief in this northern land.

Coal stoves in the creaking, old coaches shed a warmth that was most welcome in the mountain cold. There was also a lot of warmth in the hearts

of the ruddy-faced, mountain people, as they talked and laughed together in the crowded seats. I could not help noticing how many of them resembled the mountain aborigines of Taiwan, and how many others seemed to be blood brothers of the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

What mattered most was that they were all mission-land people, who had little or no idea of who Christ is, or of what He did for them, or of how much He wants their love. But Christ was already in those mountains, in the little mission chapel of Yubari. I was headed there to see the pastor, Father George A. Mueller, Maryknoller from St. Louis.

Finally, in midafternoon of a sunny March day, Father William D. Bicker (Jackson Heights, N. Y.) and I de-trained at Yubari. It is a mining town, completely owned and operated by the mining company. As we climbed the slippery, snow-packed road to the Catholic mission, we could look over the valley and see row after row of long, one-story, weather-beaten, company houses spouting smoke from dozens of stove-pipe chimneys.

Up on the slope, silhouetted against the snowy mountainside, stood the chapel. A sharp gable, crowned by a cross, rose above its unpainted wooden sides. When we reached the rectory, we found that Father Mueller was visiting the home of a parishioner, to instruct a man who had been baptized in danger of death but survived the danger to complete his instruction in the Christian religion.

The pastor's absence did not keep us from making ourselves completely at home in the mission rectory. We slipped out of our rubber boots and



For students, evening curfew sounds to the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."



A limit of three in company houses

into slippers, as Japanese etiquette requires. Within an hour the dynamic, medium-sized, well-proportioned figure of Father Mueller came bouncing into the room. A few words to the housekeeper about the guests, a few thrusts at the coal stove, and he was ready to tell us about his mission.

"This coal," he explained, "costs one third the price of regular coal. What we use is the dust, or fine stuff that is washed out of the coal, settles on the river bank, and is then gathered up and sold. The only complication is that mud gets mixed in with the coal and becomes baked clay in the stove. Digging it out is good exercise, though."

"Do the local miners have steady work?" I asked.

"Most of the time, because they mine industrial coal, soft coal, and that is always in demand in a country with as much industry as Japan has."

"How well are they paid?"

"Not much, in money. But the company provides housing, coal for heating and cooking, hospital care, and some recreational facilities."

I remarked that the people on the train seemed happy enough.

"That's the rub. Their material needs, though very simple, are fairly well assured. They are better off than they used to be! But they have some pagan worship, and they seem to feel very little need for Christian worship. They will listen politely, but only a few will accept an invitation to study Christian doctrine."

Father Mueller was talking about a missionary's greatest cross: frustration of desire to do as much as possible for God and for souls—frustration caused by the mystery of free will that is enmeshed in centuries of pagan thinking and pagan living. But that is the reason for mission work.

"How deep does pagan religion go in the lives of the people?"

"Only skin-deep at most. That is the trouble." Father Mueller knitted his brow as he shot out the words. "Their religion seems to be mostly social custom. Each home has a little Buddhist shrine, and members of the family give it some attention because that is what everyone else does. Moreover, all pagans are afraid of what will happen to them if they neglect the customary worship."

"Does sensitiveness to what other people think have anything to do with their reluctance to study the Christian doctrine?"

"Something, surely," answered Father Mueller. "Going with the crowd is a common failing everywhere, of course. Maybe these timid people are a little more sensitive than others



Landscape belies Japan's main problem: too many people, too little land.

about breaking away from the security of being in the swim with everybody else."

"There is another thing," added Father Bicker. "The Christian Faith, the Catholic mission, the American missionary—all constitute a great unknown. And the Japanese are very timid about approaching, or committing themselves to, something new and unknown, especially if it seems not to provide any special advantage that they can measure by pagan standards."

"That's right," agreed Father Mueller. "And besides, Japanese etiquette requires them to be introduced by someone. The Christians themselves have their own timidity, especially where they are few in number, and they are slow to bring their pagan friends."

A bell rang. "That's for supper," Father Mueller explained.

With a few more pokes at the stove, to increase the heat radiating from

brick sections in the walls of the room, he led us to his dining room.

"Don't think we are discouraged," continued Father Bicker, as we sat down at the table. "The shallowness of paganism and the timid sensitivity of the people are simply great challenges to real spiritual depth and to courageous sanctity in ourselves. We can't think of a single excuse for giving up, either with the people or with ourselves."

Such an attack on deep matters sent the supper conversation roaming all over the whole field of training missionaries in the seminary, and into the problems of a professor keeping at his work long enough to achieve the confidence of his seminarians.

"Sounds as if the same thing holds for a missionary: he should stay long enough in a mission to prove his worth to his people and to win their confidence," commented Father Mueller. "And most of our missions are new. So



Japan's terrain is eighty per cent mountainous, making farming difficult.

there you are. Maybe we are trying to rush things too much." With that conclusion, he took us back to his room.

It was a special pleasure for me, a seminary professor, to see two alert and zealous minds tackle the acute problems of mission life. They were eagerly interested in their work and did not need much encouraging.

"What about the language? Is that any barrier?" I asked.

"As difficult to understand as the Japanese people," said Father Bicker, who is still struggling with language study. "And almost as mysterious as grace and free will."

Father Mueller joined in providing instance after instance to illustrate the mountainous problem. The two speakers were interrupted by the music of

"Home, Sweet Home" coming from some nearby loudspeaker.

"Where's that from?" I asked.

"The middle school next door," answered Father Mueller. "Every night at nine o'clock, someone plays 'Home, Sweet Home.' That is the curfew for all students. Students of grade school, middle school, and high school have to get off the streets and into their homes. The teachers go out and check the streets, to make sure everyone has gone home."

"Does that mean a rather good moral life among the young people?" I inquired hopefully.

"Fortunately it does. What is more, they have to work very hard in school to pass examinations. There is strict discipline in the schools. And the stu-

dents are given special work to do during their vacations."

I raised another point by asking, "Among those who become Christians, do you see any change?"

"Certainly," answered Father Mueller. "Even while the converts are taking instructions, the change wrought by grace in their hearts is so great that their pagan friends notice it and speak of it. Their faces become happier and more peaceful. They seem almost to radiate the goodness of the grace and faith within them."

"Where do you start in giving them instructions?"

"Usually with the Ten Commandments, because a sense of duty is the easiest thing for Japanese to understand and accept. The great mysteries of our Faith—such as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the sacraments—are often accepted rather easily, too, because the Japanese people have an intuitive reverence for the mysterious. But that acceptance varies from individual to individual."

"Isn't it difficult for Christians to live their religion among pagans?"

"At times very difficult. In fact, Christians must live almost heroic lives, especially if they are married, because of so much birth control and abortion. Mining companies and factories will not permit workers to live in company houses if they have more

than three children. Their perseverance is all the more obviously a work of grace, because they have to stand some friendly and unfriendly ridicule on account of their Faith. That is painfully difficult for sensitive people."

American Catholics can be very proud of their missionaries working zealously against great odds and refusing to be discouraged. Only real faith, and a great love for God and souls, could spark such devotion to the spiritual care of people.

Missioners work with the faith that knows that each soul converted and in the state of grace is a tabernacle of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. This is a tremendous thing, something so great, and so beyond the imagination, that only faith can appreciate and value it. Missioners are the presence and love of Christ among His people, and their work is bearing holy fruit.

Next morning, before leaving, Father Bicker and I put on our boots and tramped across the three feet of packed snow between rectory and chapel. There we knelt before Our Lord and begged Him both to sustain the courage of His missionaries and to give abundant graces to their people. We waved a final good-by to Father Mueller, and then cautiously maneuvered down the slippery slope. A new coat of snow was mercifully covering Yubari's grime with soft whiteness. ■■

That Change of Address! We want your copy of MARYKNOLL to reach you in your home or office. If you move to another "wigwam," please let us know at once, so that we can make the proper change in our files. We do not want to lose you!

At various times, many people have inquired, "Why do you send more than one magazine to our address?" That's because Aunt Suzie, Uncle Joe, and Cousin Pete may all be subscribers living under one roof. Write us if you wish only "one magazine for all." Thank you!



The Indians preserve beef, called *charqui*, by drying it on poles in the sun.

A Week from Nowhere

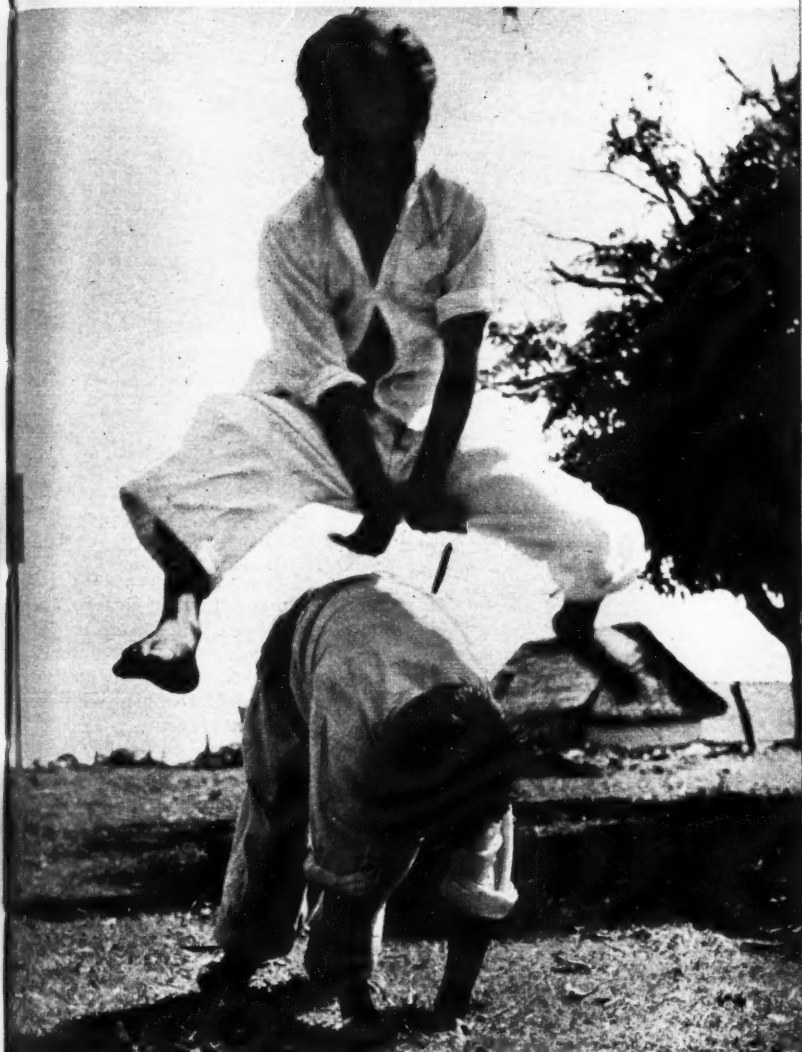
Mission Cavinás is a place where time has no meaning.

MISSION CAVINAS is a place where time stands still. Located five days' launch ride from Riberalta, the Maryknoll center in jungle Bolivia, it exists in isolation and unawareness of the outside world. Indeed, Mission Cavinás is a world of its own.

The clearing is the home of the Cavinás Indians. The people are wards of the Bolivian Government, and the settlement is something like an Indian reservation. The Padre is the responsible man—mayor, overseer, spiritual guide, educator and adviser.

Mission Cavinás is one of Maryknoll's earliest missions in Bolivia. When Father Ambrose C. Graham, of New York City, arrived as pastor, he found the village and the people suffering from years of neglect. Houses were in a tumble-down condition; the ungainly church was about to collapse; the Indians were sick from malaria, anemia, worms, and a host of tropical diseases. Father set to work to remedy conditions, and his work has been carried on by successive pastors.

The first move was to halt the in-



Once listless, these Indian boys show what a better diet will do for them.



Father Laszewski is doctor, mayor, teacher, hunter, storekeeper, and spiritual guide to all the Indians.



A new house, built from a plan of the missionary, is solemnly blessed.

roads of the jungle. A tractor was brought in and the land cleared. The unsanitary Indian huts were leveled and new homes built. A community store was opened where the Indians could buy goods cheaply, with the Padre as the storekeeper.

The Indians depend for livelihood on the rubber trees. Their trees were depleted from constant draining, so the Padre saddled his horse and searched the jungle for new trees. The Indians sold their rubber to large companies operating along the Beni River but received little in return for their hard work. The mission organized a cooperative that was able to get a higher price.

A carpenter shop and sawmill were built. A sugar mill was erected. A tile-and-brick furnace was installed. Ex-

Jungle joys are simple. A slender pole can give hours of enjoyment.

periments were begun with new crops; tobacco, coffee, and chocolate were put under cultivation.

The nearest doctor was five days away in Riberalta, so the Maryknollers opened a dispensary. They treated everything from malaria to snake bites. They even had to care for Cavinass animals. Father Graham once dosed with kerosene, the only remedy available, a horse that had been bitten by a snake. In seconds the animal was on its feet, running around as if in training for the Kentucky Derby.

A school was opened for the Indian youngsters. They were very slow to learn, largely because their bodies had been weakened by anemia. When the mission was building its first houses, the Indians carried mud and sand to the construction site by handfuls. Father Gordon Fritz, of Newport, Minn., who was in charge of the work, showed them that they could carry more if they used boxes. The Indians were like children with new toys, and they could not fill their boxes fast enough. Yet when the Padre returned a few hours later, the boxes had been forgotten and the Indians were using their hands again.

Life is never dull in the jungle, and Cavinass is no exception. Father Fritz tells of one night when he was in his house reading his Breviary. Suddenly he heard cries coming from the village. A moment later an Indian rushed in to say that a jaguar had raided the village and at that moment was in the Padre's pigpen. Father Fritz grabbed his gun and started out the door, only to see





Daily visits are made to the sick.
Life is hard, old age comes quickly.



A school was established to give primary training, and end illiteracy.

Many valuable lessons are learned in the jungle by these Cavinass boys.





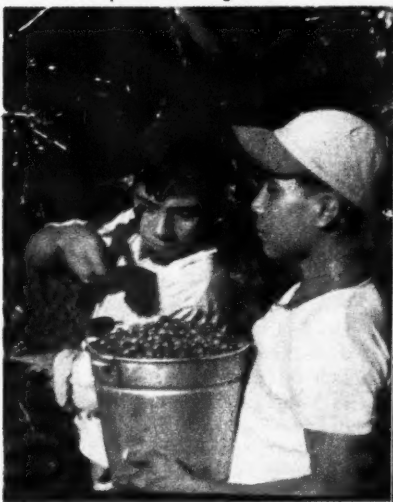
The old Spanish church at Cavinass

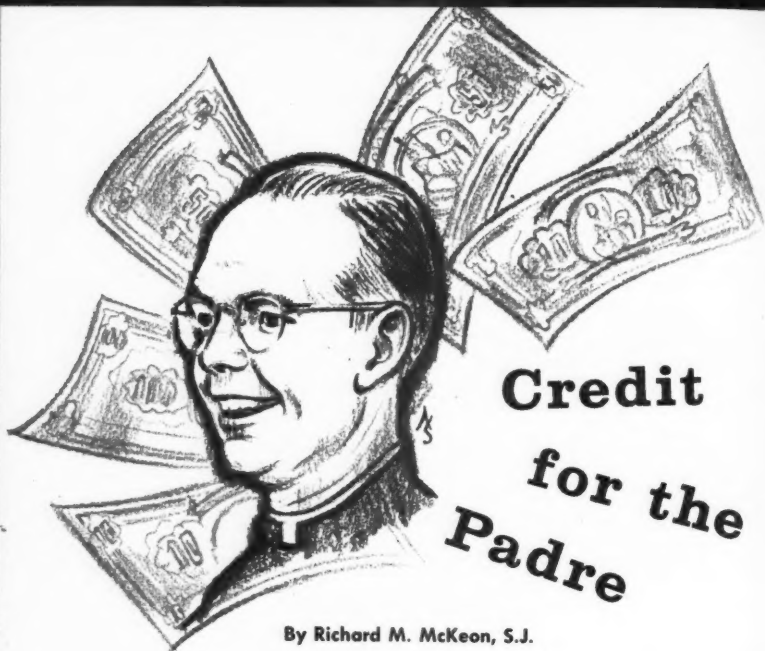
the angry cat coming to meet him. He fired from the hip, and the jaguar slumped dead only four feet away!

"It was a small *tigre*," Father reported in his diary to Maryknoll headquarters, "only about six feet long. We were glad to get him because of the many animals he had been killing. The Indians skinned and roasted the cat and had a feast on him the next day. The dish looked good, but I stuck to pork since the *tigre* had killed one of my pigs but had himself met death before he could escape with his dinner."

Recently Father Constantine Burns, a Maryknoller from Toledo, Ohio, visited Mission Cavinass. He photographed the then pastor, Father Richard Laszewski, of Stevens Point, Wis., as he went about his daily tasks. The pictures that accompany this article are one way to visit Mission Cavinass. ■ ■

A coffee plantation gives income.





By Richard M. McKeon, S.J.

*A program that brought hope to the Indians of Peru
is exerting an influence throughout South America.*

SOME time ago, I wrote a little article telling the inspiring story of the growth of credit unions under Catholic auspices. Evidently some good friends at the Credit Union National Association, Madison, Wisconsin, thought it worth reprinting. And so I was pleasantly surprised to receive a kind note from Lima, Peru, expressing the gratitude of Father Daniel B. McLellan of the Maryknoll Fathers, for our words of encouragement. He also sent a detailed report of the Credit Union Movement in Peru.

Reading this fine report makes one's

soul fill with admiration for his zeal and sacrifice in bringing so many credit unions into existence. His work is not many years old. In April, 1955, Father McLellan started his San Juan Parish Credit Union in Puno with twenty-three members. In May, 1960, its roster numbered 3,463.

Puno is a unique city of 25,000 people. It lies 12,500 feet high, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, which is the highest navigable lake in the world. I flew over this lake on my way to La Paz, Bolivia, in 1957. And so I have a little knowledge of what life must be

in a sector which is ninety per cent Indian. Many of these poor people have been victims of loan sharks. Facilities for savings were inadequate.

Father McLellan saw the necessity of sound, cheap credit. Soon the Indians realized he was deeply interested in their material welfare as well as spiritual. Within four years about \$600,000 had been lent to these worthy people, with a loss of less than \$400. There has been a distinct improvement in the economic atmosphere of Puno. Stores are more prosperous, for now these people can buy articles formerly out of their reach. Housing has been a very great problem. Today the credit union is aiding in the construction of seventy-two houses.

Nothing succeeds like success. In 1955 Puno set the example for other communities. In 1956 there were six credit unions; in 1957 the number jumped to twenty-five; and in 1958 the total was forty-six. Father McLellan then was called to full-time work with the credit unions, by the Peruvian bishops, and a central office was established in Lima. In 1959 the Peruvian Credit Union League was founded, with Father McLellan as its head.

At the end of June, 1960, we find 140 credit unions established, of which fifty-nine are the parish type. The Church has been very active in the formation of all but a few unions. The present capital value is about \$1,000,000. At present about 13,000 people are members of the League, but a new goal of 30,000 members has been set.

In 1959 a training center was established at San Marcos University, Lima, in cooperation with the League, to prepare future South American credit-union leaders from all countries. Prac-

tically every country in South America now has active credit unions or is preparing a program for the future.

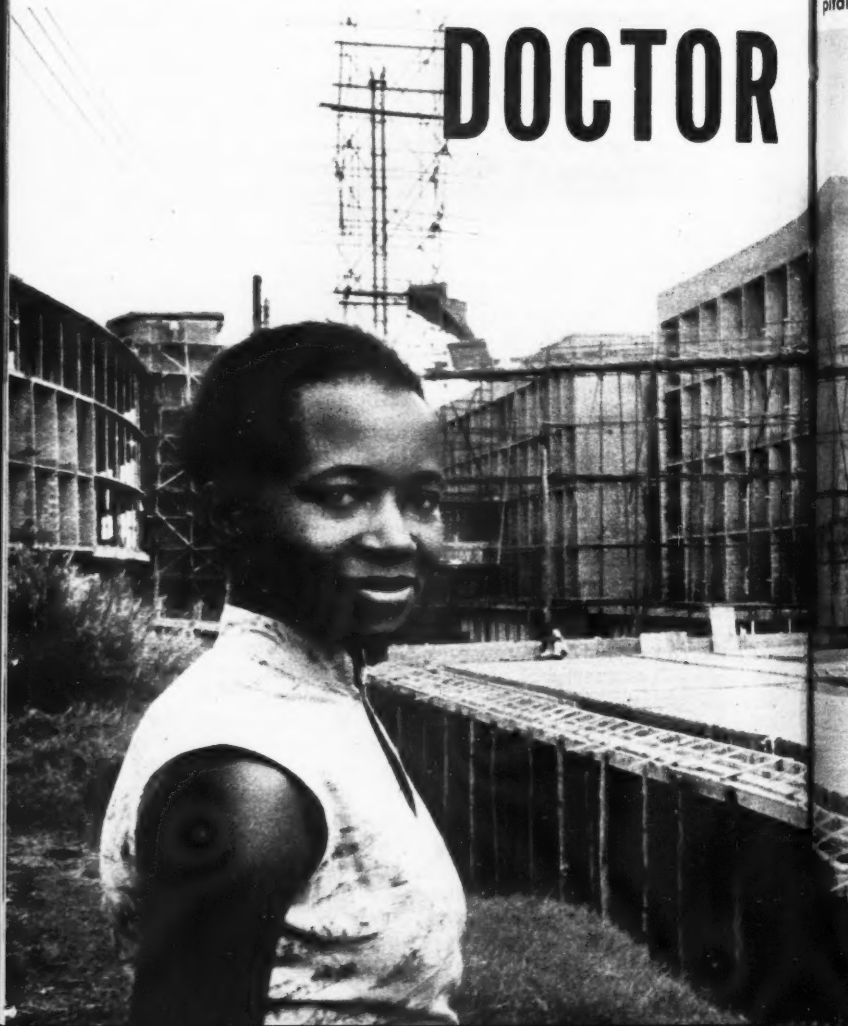
In the 1960 Credit Union Yearbook, we read about the importance of credit unions to developing countries. "Credit unions provide the first opportunity for personal saving in many parts of the world. This in turn produces capital for individuals to borrow for small-scale enterprise. Widespread poverty breeds discouragement, and the fact that people of very limited means can save is usually not recognized until credit unions succeed. The people are given hope, and they branch out in other self-help enterprises. Perhaps most important is the experience in practical democracy which results from the opportunity to own and operate their own credit unions."

What is the main purpose of a credit union? It is to teach its members how to practice thrift, by using their income and their credit resources wisely. By saving together and making low-cost loans to each other, they are fulfilling to a high degree the commandment to love one's neighbor.

And what has followed on the footsteps of this movement? Take Puno alone. When the Maryknoll Fathers arrived in 1948, only thirty-five people were attending Sunday Mass in the city of 25,000. In 1960, an average Sunday found about 6,000 people assisting at the parish's eight Masses. Over ninety per cent of the rural population have been married ecclesiastically, and all of the town's 5,000 primary and high school children are receiving religious instruction.

The credit-union movement of Peru is setting a fine example for all of South America. ■ ■


UGANDA'S FIRST **WOMAN DOCTOR**



Before
dollar
stand
East
pital

Before the new 850-bed, 6.5 million dollar hospital, to be completed in 1962, stands Josephine Namboze, an unusual East African woman, who with the hospital symbolizes a new era for Africa.

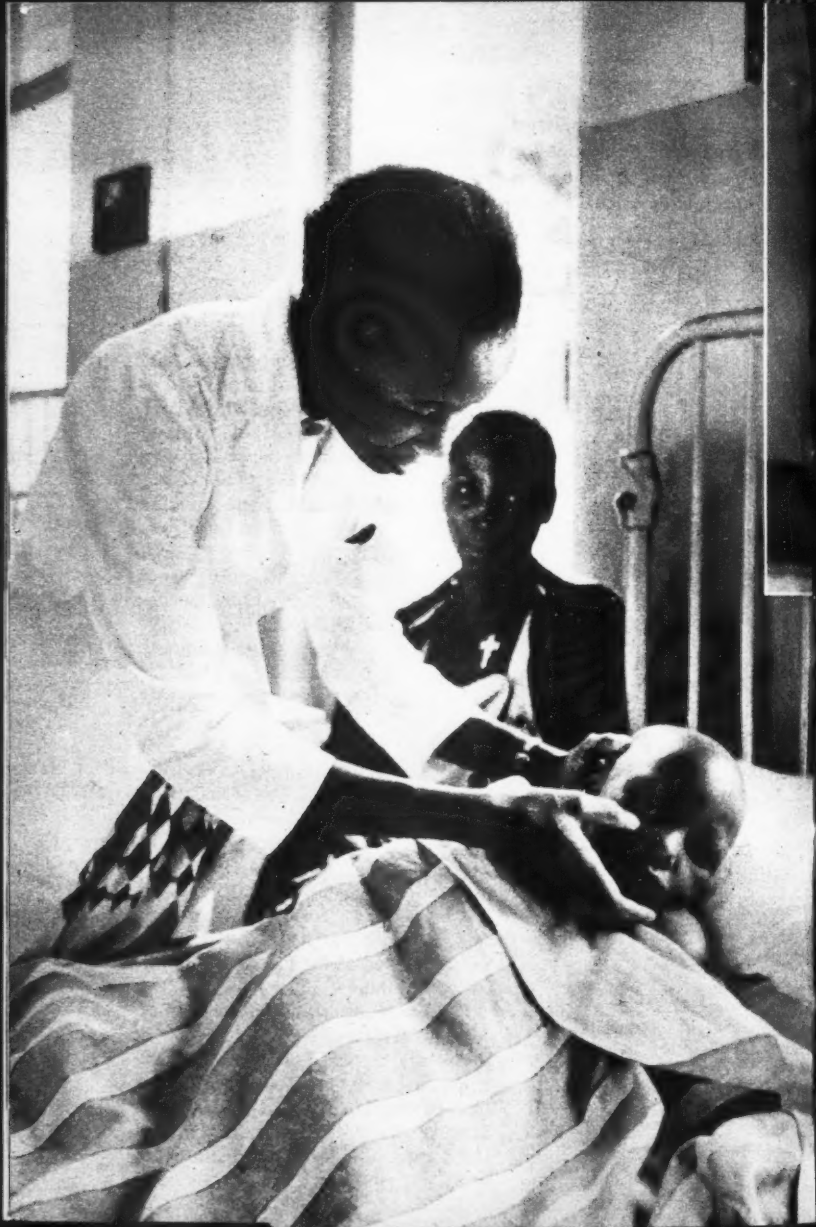
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN AND BINI MOSS



WHEN Josephine Namboze was thirteen years old, the pupils in her class at the little mission school near Kampala, Uganda, were told to write compositions on what they wanted to be when they grew up. The young Muganda girl pondered the topic as she gazed out the classroom window. In a nearby Catholic hospital she saw nurses at work under the supervision of a doctor. Then and there, she decided that she too would be a doctor.

In a region and at a time when few girls ever went to grade school, the decision made by Josephine seemed little more than a child's dream. But Josephine held on to her dream. She won a scholarship to a secondary school, and then another to Makerere University. Finally she applied to enter medical school and was accepted. When, in 1959, the Queen Mother of Great Britain and the Commonwealth visited Uganda, Doctor Josephine Namboze was called forward to meet her and was presented as the first woman doctor of Uganda.

Doctor Namboze is on the staff of Mulago Hospital. She is in charge of the pediatric ward and does heavy clinic duty with outpatients. She would like to specialize in pediatrics and hopes that eventually she will be able to go abroad for specialized study.



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Africa
to live



Sometimes she gets patients
after a witch doctor fails.
Much sickness is from diet.



→
Josephine hopes to continue her
pediatrics study outside Uganda.



←
African hospitals allow mothers
to live with their ill children.



The early antipathy by the Buganda for a woman doctor has vanished.

DOCTOR NAMBOZE is one of thirteen children. Her father taught in Catholic mission schools and is now a professor in a Catholic normal school. One of her brothers is studying pure science at Makerere, and another is specializing in engineering at the Royal Technical College in Kenya.

It is a considerable departure from tradition for women to engage in public or professional life in East Africa. At first the men treated Doctor Namboze with hostility. However, her work at Mulago won them over, and fathers as well as mothers listen to her with respect. Often cases are brought to her after witch doctors have failed, so Doctor Namboze uses her free time to educate women's groups.

Coffee break in a rest room outside surgical ward with a colleague.





Although Doctor Namboze was born in a mud hut, today she is one of the leading women of Uganda. Here at a wedding reception, she sits with the Nabegerika, queen of the Buganda people, wife of Mutesa II.



Josephine lives with a brother, who is studying at Makerere, in this attractive Kämpala bungalow (above). Every Sunday morning she gets in her automobile and drives to Mass at the Mill Hill Fathers' city parish.



Josephine has become a symbol
of freedom to Uganda's women.



everybody . . .

*who reads
and loves*

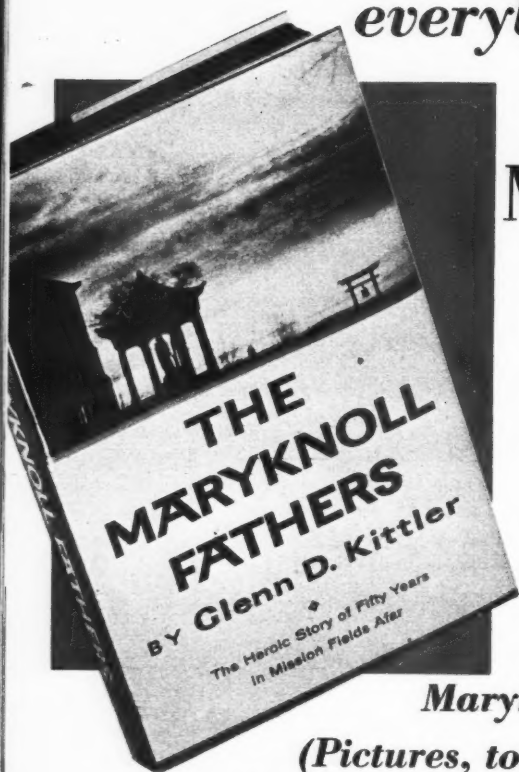
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OUR BOAT docked in Pusan Harbor on August 23. Some cargo was due for delivery here before our ship went on to Taiwan. For seven of us Maryknoll missionaries this was our first view of Korea.

The city of Pusan resembles a huge bowl. The main part of the town is at the base of the bowl; the shacks of the poor run up from the base, to the top of the surrounding hills.

Life in Pusan is different from the kind I had seen in the States. One incident will help point up what I mean. The steel deck of our ship had gathered a great deal of rust during our voyage from San Francisco. About twenty-five women came on board to do the work of putting the deck back in shape.

Dressed in slacks, blouses, Korean-style rubber shoes, they wore simple kerchiefs on their heads. They carried packs of little hammers; they carried cloth-covered bundles—their lunches.

In a few seconds they were at work—and what work! These women, aged nineteen to thirty-five, chipped away all day from early morning until evening. Squatted on the deck, they worked without ceasing. Hammers sounded rhythmic beats on the hard steel of the deck.

I learned that some of the chippers were mothers who needed the dollar each would earn for this day's work, to keep their families together.

As the day wore on, their arms and backs ached. Even the sun was in league against them. Yet, here on this hot deck, they thought of helping one another. Noticing that several of the women had no head covering, one

The Paint Chippers of Pusan



By John L. Callahan, M.M.

woman found some discarded brown paper on the deck and made sun helmets for the other women.

The hammer-and-sickle of communism is not far from these Korean women who had fled from North Korea to Pusan to be free. The hammer is already in hand. The back-breaking work could break their spirit and make them reach also for the sickle. But I think that He who once lived by the blows of a hammer will send more Maryknollers to bring His cross to help these paint chippers of Pusan. ■ ■



Giving Means Living. Poor people in TAIWAN look to us for assistance when sickness overtakes them. We can offer medical attention only as far as our limited funds will permit. Will you send them \$1, \$5, or \$10 so that we can help them back to health?

Altar Needs. A mission in KOREA needs two sets of altar cloths and five tabernacle veils. The altar cloths cost \$10 a set, and the tabernacle veils cost \$5 each. Will your heart and your purse permit you to give one of these?

No Bell to Tell Them. A chapel in CHILE is without a bell. With one, people in the surrounding countryside will know the hour of the day and the time for Mass and devotions. Can you spare the \$50 needed to provide a bell?

Mounting Problem. When Padre visits the surrounding country in GUATEMALA, he can do it best on a horse. Of course he'll need the saddle, too! Who will help him? The horse costs \$125; the saddle, \$30.

Mass Candles. A church in TAIWAN can have a set of Mass candles for \$2. May we look to you to provide this gift?

Please send your check to:

The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

Catechists' Needs. A parish in PERU needs \$150 a month to pay five catechists. The catechists need bicycles, costing \$40 each; 40 sets of catechetical charts, at \$8 each; six projectors at \$60 each. Each of these items is an important one to the catechist in helping to propagate the Faith. Your help is needed to carry on.

Part-time Worker. Father employs a catechist on a part-time basis in his parish in KOREA. This soul conservationist receives \$10 monthly. Can he look to you for his pay for a month or more?

Growing, Growing, Groan. Walls of a chapel in CHILE are groaning as the congregation grows and grows. The building must be enlarged to meet the growth of the parish; \$100 will answer this problem if you can provide the means.

Open-Door Policy. Orphans and boarders at a parochial school in GUATEMALA are always welcome. These tots come from outlying areas and live in a parish building. It costs \$10 a month to care for one, and there is room for more. Will you make a sacrifice and help one child?



A Boy's Dream and a Mission's Need

Every year many young boys from all parts of the United States seek entrance to Maryknoll. They represent almost every country in the world, but they share one great desire: to serve God as Maryknoll priests. The costs for supporting these boys rise every year and while we don't turn them away, we can't meet their expenses unless American Catholics come to our aid as students' sponsors. Won't you use the coupon below?



The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

5-61

Dear Fathers,

I wish to give \$..... each month towards the training of a missionary.
Please send me a monthly reminder.

I enclose \$..... to help a young American become a Maryknoll priest.

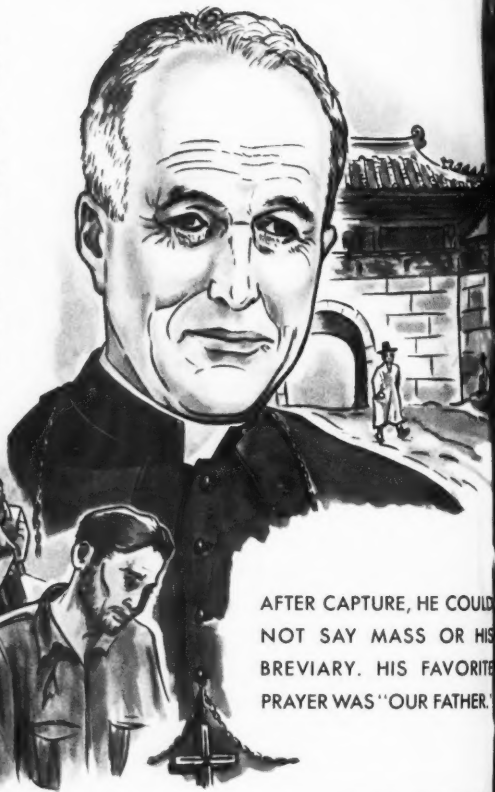
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BY THE COMMUNISTS AND
DIED IN THEIR PRISON
ON NOVEMBER 25, 1950.



AFTER CAPTURE, HE COULD
NOT SAY MASS OR HIS
BREVIARY. HIS FAVORITE
PRAYER WAS "OUR FATHER."

Christ belongs to ALL the human race

ULD
HIS
ITE
R.